

conspirator—should be coolly discussing a bomb outrage and dissecting a mystery that seemed like a family vendetta. Armstrong too was conscious that his companion was far the more collected of the pair. His replies were candid and to the point. He appeared to await with the utmost complacency any further inquiries which suspicion might suggest.

It was a difficult thing to make up his mind to a definite course of action. "Give me your address," he said, after a pause, "and I shall let this case rest, unless there are unforeseen developments. I am leaving England in a few days, and I do not wish to be mixed up in any official investigation. When all is said and done, the Prince is uninjured and his affairs hardly concern me."

The Russian produced an envelop. It bore a name and the number of a house on Charlotte-st. "Ask there for Ivan Stephanovitch, and you will find me," he said.

John, the son of Stephen, certainly acted like one who did not shirk scrutiny. Armstrong was more than ever puzzled by his behavior.

"You have met me in a straightforward way," he admitted; "but you must acknowledge that my suspicions were natural, especially when I saw the opal carried by Prince Melnikoff."

"How came you to see it?"

"Because he had lost it."

This time his words penetrated the husk of indifference, either felt or assumed, by the gigantic Ivan. The man clutched his arm in an iron grasp, and his big eyes blazed, as he cried: "Lost it? Has it gone?"

"No, no," was the assurance; "it fell in a neighboring field. It was I who found it."

"And you restored it to him?"

"Yes."

"How is it that you, an Englishman, take such an interest in a foreigner?"

Their rôles were reversed suddenly. The Russian was thoroughly excited by the mere suggestion that the opal had left its rightful owner's possession, and Armstrong found himself not only perplexed now, but embarrassed.

"Well," he said, "I met Prince Melnikoff at the house of Lord Valletort. I happen to be a friend of Lord Valletort's son, and as his highness seems to be paying some attention to my friend's sister, I naturally—"

"Do you mean that Melnikoff would dare to think of marrying some girl here in England?"

"Assuredly. It looks like it."

Were it not for his own bitterness of spirit evoked by the unexpected turn taken by the conversation, he must have been startled by the rage which convulsed Stephanovitch's face.

Frank was staring gloomily into vacancy, until his eyes chanced to catch the wondering look of a policeman standing at the corner of Carlos Place. Then he turned toward his companion again, and was amazed to see the vindictiveness portrayed in the Russian's forbidding countenance. The man, apparently yielding to impulse, brought forth his envelop once more.

"Tell the driver to take us there," he growled, indicating the address.

"Why? I assure you that I am satisfied with your explanation."

"Tell him," persisted the other.

"But there is no reason. I believe you live there."

The Russian flung his hand outward in anger. "What do I care what you believe?" he cried. "If you are a friend of these people, you must warn them that Boris Melnikoff never can marry one of their kin. Come with me! I will show you his wife."

"His wife?" gasped Armstrong, horrified by the mere hint of a vulgar intrigue into which the name of Ermytrude might be drawn.

"The woman destined to be his wife!" roared the other, thoroughly excited, and careless of the attention he attracted from those who caught sight of his huge form and frenzied gestures. "Boris Melnikoff can marry only one woman in the

## BOYS do you want to put money in your pocket?

DO YOU envy the boy who always has plenty of spending money?

Easy won't coax money into your pocket, but a little work will do it. If several thousand boys make all the spending money they need, SELLING

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

a few hours a week after school (some making as much as \$15 a week), is there any reason why you can't do as well? Of course you can, if you'll try. Up and at it then—that's the only way things get done. Write us a letter to-day to send you our booklet about boys who make money, and the complete outfit for beginning work. That's all free, and so are ten copies of *The Post*. Sell them for 5c each. Next week buy what you need at wholesale price. When you've sold a certain number of copies we give prizes, and you also have a chance to get a part of the

**\$250 in Extra Cash Prizes**

that we give away each month to the boys who do the best work.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY  
2139 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



## \$1000.00 In Prizes Given Away

A first prize of \$500.00, with a number of smaller cash prizes, will be given to agents securing subscriptions for *PUBLIC OPINION* during the next few months. These prizes will be awarded in addition to a large commission paid on each subscription.

*PUBLIC OPINION* is a 48-page, handsomely printed and illustrated, weekly magazine, covering every important topic. It sparkles with human interest from the first to the last page. It is almost a necessity to those who read and think. Its many new features, original articles, and other improvements inaugurated in the last few months, have made *PUBLIC OPINION* one of the best-known weeklies in the United States. Hundreds of subscription agents are at work, making good incomes.

### For Your Spare Time

You need not devote your whole time to this work. A few hours a day among your neighbors will be sufficient to pay you handsomely—besides putting you in line for the cash prizes. We have devised an unique plan for assisting agents in this work by means of which you will have no difficulty in rolling up a big subscription list. This proposition ought to appeal strongly to subscription canvassers of experience.

Write to us, mentioning the fact that you saw this advertisement in this paper, and we will send you full particulars, terms to agents, and sample copies of *PUBLIC OPINION*. We will also outline our plan for helping agents secure subscriptions. Write to-day.

**PUBLIC OPINION COMPANY**  
44-60 East 23d Street, New York

## MEMORY

The Secret of Certainty in Recollection. PLAINLY STATED; SIMPLY TAUGHT. W. T. Strand, "Review of Reviews," says: "I consider Polman a benefactor of the human race." Mr. Polman's book "MEMORY AND What Can Be Done to Improve It." POST FREE on request. **POLMAN SCHOOL OF MEMORY**, 940 Madison Building, New York City.

## The World Made New

By TITUS K. SMITH

A Book of Remarkable New Ideas quite as great as those of Galileo and Newton.

Affording an entirely new view-point on all human affairs, apparently solving problems hitherto deemed insoluble, and which will probably make the world over new in many respects, greatly enlarging humanity's happiness and wealth by reason of great new discoveries in natural philosophy and economics. You will find it an extraordinary work—fascinating, illuminating.

12mo. Cloth, \$1.50 but orders in answer to this adv. will be filled at \$1.30, postage paid.

Remit by postal order or check to the publishers,  
**Fred. De Fun & Co.**  
4 West 23d Street, New York

## A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

Wouldn't a woman's intuition have solved Lady Dyke's mysterious disappearance quicker than man's analysis? Do you think this puzzle could have been better handled?

## LEARN TELEGRAPHY BOOKKEEPING OR SHORTHAND BY MAIL—AT YOUR OWN HOME

Anyone can learn it easily in a few weeks. We are unable to supply the demand for telegraph operators, bookkeepers and stenographers. We train you for the future with course in shorthand and penmanship; the only immediate charge is for the actual cost of the text books and supplies needed. Write today for particulars. **MICHAEL BERNHARDT INSTITUTE**, 440 Madison Building, - Baltimore, Md.

**MOTHERS:** Would your little ones enjoy a magazine full of beautiful pictures and stories made expressly for them? If so, send for a free copy. **LITTLE PICTURE MAGAZINE**, BOX 4, BAKER, ILL.

world. He knows that. Let him beware, lest I carve the recollection on his heart!"

It was essential that Frank should calm the man. A giant, bellowing threats in Russian and sawing the air with clenched fists over the doors of a hansom, is not a customary object in Berkeley Square. Passing cabmen were grinning sarcastically, and people were standing on the pavement to look after the fast-moving vehicle, while Armstrong became aware that their own driver was squinting at them through the little trap-door in the roof.

To pacify the Russian, he assured him that, after depositing his belongings at his Jermyn-st. lodgings, he would accompany him. Thenceforth, not a word would Ivan utter until they reached the neighborhood of Charlotte-st. At some little distance, seeming to recognize his whereabouts, he told Armstrong to stop the vehicle. They proceeded on foot to one of the soiled houses of a bygone elegance which are to be found in that part of London. Letting himself in with a latch-key, the Russian, followed by his strangely made acquaintance, went rapidly up-stairs to the first floor.

It was dark there, and the solitary door communicating with the suite of apartments on that floor was veiled by a heavy curtain. The big man, energetic in his movements, notwithstanding his great stature, turned the handle as he swept aside the portière, and Armstrong heard a woman's voice cry gladly:

"Is that you, Vonia?"

The diminutive form of the Russian's name, as "Johnnie" for "John" in English, showed that the man hailed thus was an intimate friend or relative.

"Hush, Natushka!" he replied. "I bring one to meet thee."

Armstrong caught a startled ejaculation; but it was he, and not the woman suddenly encountered in the strong light of the sitting-room, who was taken at a disadvantage. At first he was spell-bound. To enter a dingy London dwelling and find therein an Eastern odalisque, attired with barbaric splendor, and beautiful as the dark-haired Circassian nymph beloved of Don Juan, in itself was a disconcerting thing.

The woman, or girl, for she was not twenty years of age, might have been the youthful queen of some trans-Caspian realm. She was tall and finely modeled, with the full lips, the creamy skin which Persian poets delight in describing as "moon-faced," the dark, deer-like eyes of the rarest type of Georgian loveliness. Her shining black hair was caught back from a smooth forehead by a gold circlet. Around her graceful neck was another golden ornament, its fine mesh lying close to the skin and glinting dully as it followed the curves of her throat. A bodice of light blue silk was half revealed by a flowing robe of white muslin, fastened at her slim waist by a golden belt.

But it was not her costume, nor the wondrous effect of her Eastern beauty, which transfixed Armstrong's gaze. Circlet, necklet and belt each bore the device of three tents in tiny opals set along the sides of triangular-shaped rubies.

Even while the two gazed wonderingly at each other—for the girl seemed to be almost as surprised as he—the big Russian cried:

"What is your name, Englishman?"

Armstrong told him.

"It conveys little to my ears," said the other. "You must write it in Russian characters, so that my sister may know how to find you if she needs your help."

Armstrong was too bewildered to say then that in a few days he would be far from England, even if he could serve either of them in any way. He wrote his name, his present lodgings and the address of his agents, and handed the paper to Ivan.

"You will know this maiden again if you see her?" asked the latter, his face lighting with a smile as he regarded the girl, who for her part obviously was not so timid now that she had eyed covertly the handsome, stalwart, young Englishman. "I do not think I ever shall forget her."